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## ARTICLES

### CENTRES OF ENERGY

by CIRCUMLIBRA

"We must hurry before the power goes," said the custodian on New Grange on learning I wished to be shown into the mound. I was a little puzzled at this remark, thinking the party of people just leaving had been holding a seance inside the tumulus. No, just informing me the electric power which lighted the "cave" was about to be cut. As a precautionary measure he collected a few candles from his hut before taking me into the mound. Soon the lights went out and we were groping with the aid of a couple of candles. "Ah sure and there's no hurry now", and so I had ample time to explore.

The above incident took place some years ago: not much to write about and yet of great importance to me as it marked the beginning of a long and fascinating search which has revealed far more than I dare put into print. Whilst groping around I discovered why the tumulus was placed on that particular spot. The source of "power" is right there and no man can ever cut it off although he may use it -- does use it for all he needs and more. From then on I visited many ancient sites and found they invariably possessed a similar "power" source. I know now that the earth is patterned with these "power" centres or as I prefer to call them "etheric energy centres" as this is the nearest term I can think of to describe them.

In short they are points where the earth breathes in and out and provide a basic material or energy from which all things are produced. They are so placed as to form a geometrical design which can be traced on the map either locally or over a wide area. Other ancient sites and centres may be found when the pattern is known and the actual position of the centre determined with a little fieldwork. As the sun and other celestial bodies move in relation to the centres, major and minor surges of energy connect them with lines of power. Eddy currents are also set up and smoothed out according to what is "passing over" at any particular time.

FRANK LOCKWOOD died in November last year. He was a subscriber to ASWR and contributed several articles to The Ley Hunter during my editorship. He was a pioneer of the Ley/UFO link before it was fashionable. He was in his seventies but still a keen long-distance cyclist and retained a lively interest in earth mysteries topics. An obituary on him, "The Master Cutler of Ley Hunters" appears in Northern Earth Mysteries, No. 12. "Centres of Energy" has, I believe, never been published previously and dates from the mid-1960s and was written under his regular pseudonym.

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The centre itself is quite small but when a mound, a circle of stones or a building, etc., is placed on or around it, it is vitalised and can become a real source of power. To give a few examples of where I have located energy centres. Ancient mounds, stone circles, standing stones, road junctions, etc. More modern buildings often on ancient sites such as York Minster and many smaller churches, a municipal meeting room, boarding house and, I speak of this with horror for I know its implications, an old farm which is now a slaughterhouse.

The centres are a vital factor in the positioning of the "old straight track" and the basis of the celestial calculating of ancient peoples. They form a ready patterned drawing board which was used to elaborate and record the movements of heavenly bodies with great accuracy. Patient observation over many years, together with great intelligence would be required of them.

"Contact" is a movement to encourage intelligent intercourse with beings from space who appear to visit us in "flying saucers". May I confirm that they do and have always done so and that they use the centres and lines of power which connect them in many ways. The beings from space are our humble servants and yet at the same time are our masters, certainly our superiors. If we would have them friends, a state they gladly welcome, then we ourselves must be friendly in our approach not only to them but to our fellow men and other living creatures. This is most important and determines the status of the beings who make themselves known to us. No matter who reveal themselves to us, they are here to help and whatever the level on which they are working it will be in advance of ours.

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#### OATH AND LOVERS' TROTH STONES

by PAUL SCRENTON

"The stone is immutable, immovable, everlasting, and would of course impart similar qualities to the oath sworn upon it." -- T.F.G. Dexter.

The ratification of business transactions and lovers plighting their troth have a great affinity with regard to ancient stones. Both were undertaken at a standing stone by the Land's End Merry Maidens stone circle. Agreements made at the auction in nearby St Buryan were ratified here and E.O. Gordon believed this to be a survival of a Druidic form of oath.

Before being broken down in 1814, the Stone of Odin, Stenness, was visited by the young Orcadian lovers wishing to make their vows absolute by taking the Oath of Odin and clasping hands through the hole in the stone. The oath must have been extremely binding for a Stromness woman who had sworn it with her pirate sweetheart journeyed to London after his hanging at Greenwich and retracted it as she held the dead man's hand.

Also in Scotland, at Kilmun, by the Clyde, is a dolmen known as Adam's Grave, and locals believe that the female sitting inside and the man at the entrance holding her hand and repeating a Gaelic oath plight their troth.

Symbolising a leap into a new way of life, brides jump over the Petting Stone as they leave the church at Lindisfarne, Northumberland. The stone being said to be a socket of St Cuthbert's Cross, dating from the 7th. Century.

In the Bible we also find a stone witnessing both a business agreement and a marriage settlement. In the Book of Genesis, Laban makes a covenant with Jacob for the welfare of his daughters and their children by erecting a stone called Galeed, meaning a "heap of witness".

Agreements were also made binding with a handshake through the hole in the slab known as Low Cross, Appleton-le-Moors, East Riding. And Dr Dexter noted that oftentimes oaths sworn on prehistoric stones were held to be more sacred than those on Christian altars, so the Church incorporated a number of these, such as a black stone formerly in Iona Cathedral; the blue stone in the chapel of Fladda Chuan Island; and the sacred stone of St Molling, Arran.

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# SHOOTING LINES

BY BRIAN MOORE

It is becoming increasingly obvious that ancient man was almost pathologically obsessed with the movements of celestial bodies. Alexander Marshack claims that pre-literate man incised records of the moon's movements on to bones thousands of years before the first Egyptian dynasties. Huge numbers of megaliths were erected in circles, ovals and other patterns which Thom and his followers interpret as astronomical observatories. Civilisations arose which from the earliest times worshipped celestial bodies and offered human sacrifice to them in temples which were apparently astronomically aligned. Despite the enormous destruction of ancient records which are known to have occurred deliberately or through the ravages of time, a significant proportions of what is left to us reflects the same obsession: Mesoamerican codices, Babylonian tablets and Chinese oracle bones all convey a curious mixture of mathematical astronomy and utter conviction that the motions of the heavenly bodies are of the utmost significance for the human race. All of this goes far beyond what might be necessary to construct a working calendar for agriculture.

The infant science of archaeoastronomy thus has a wealth of material to work on and recent years have seen an explosive increase in the number of papers relating to it. To cope with such interest the Journal for the History of Astronomy in 1979 established a supplement with the title Archaeoastronomy, the second issue of which came out in 1980 and is here reviewed.\*

As might be expected that pioneering family in this field, the Thoms (father and son), is well represented, presenting two articles on megalithic lunar alignments one of which presses the Thoms' extraordinary claim that megalithic man not only observed the regular orbit of the moon but was also aware of the tiny 9 arc minute "wobble" in its orbit. But even the Thoms' more sober claims are still the subject of much controversy as can be seen from another article in this issue by L.V. Morrison of the Greenwich Observatory ("On the Analysis of Megalithic Lunar Sight-lines in Scotland"). The argument concerns whether a group of sightlines, claimed by Thom to be "definite" (there are of course many "indefinite" alignments) indicate extreme positions of the moon on the horizon in any statistically significant way. Morrison concludes that such significance "remains to be demonstrated."

The main article should stimulate even more argument as it comes to some radical new conclusions regarding the origin and meaning of the Mesoamerican calendar. "The Astronomical Identities of Mesoamerican Gods" by David Kelley of the University of Calgary contains too many interesting ideas to discuss here, but perhaps his most controversial conclusion is that the god Questzalcoatl on the evidence of the astronomical cycles associated with it in the calendar, must be the planet Mercury. This conclusion, of course, flies in the face of the vast amount of mythological evidence which identifies this god with Venus.

As a member of the unorthodox who is interested in Velikovsky's theories of orbital changes in the solar system in historical times I find the present state of controversy in archaeoastronomy particularly intriguing. In groups of archaeologically indistinguishable sites there can be found "definitely" indicated alignments with astronomical significance, "definitely" indicated alignments with apparently no significance, or no alignments at all! Some sites seem to have been re-ordered on occasion, particularly Stonehenge, and the recent discovery at this latter site of a large hole near the Heel Stone which shows evidence of once having held a massive stone must surely send those astronomers who have discovered significant solstitial alignments in the present arrangement back to the drawing board.

Though I welcome Archaeoastronomy as a further vehicle for exploring these fascinating topics it does display a rather unpleasant feature which seems to occur too frequently in writers on the topic such as Ed Krupp, Peter Lancaster Brown and Anthony Aveni. Possibly due to the frequent attacks on them by orthodox prehistorians

\* Available separately from Science History Publications Ltd., Halfpenny Furze, Mill Lane, Chalfont St Giles, Bucks., HP8 4NR. £5 to private subscribers; 12-50 dollars U.S.

such writers seem particularly prone to attack their even less orthodox brethren such as the ley hunters and Velikovskians. Perhaps by so doing they hope to demonstrate to their critics that they really are respectable, despite the highly speculative nature of many of their own claims. The present issue features a review of Krupp's In Search of Ancient Astronomies in which William K. Hartmann congratulates Krupp on his attack on "pseudoscience by Velikovsky" and goes on to state that the book is the "best available for the general reader, archaeologist or astronomer" on the topic of archaeoastronomy. The introduction to the book states that the "misconceptions" of Velikovsky et. al. are to be "dispelled by the reliable, scientific findings of archaeoastronomy". The reviewer in Nature, more critical than Hartmann, found this announcement particularly "unfortunate" as the majority of Krupp's chapters "show some misuse or misunderstanding of archaeological data and imprecision in the demonstration of astronomical alignments." A pro-Velikovsky reviewer of the book was even less kind: having demonstrated the numerous errors and inconsistencies in the book he summed it up as an "ill-conceived collection of personal idiosyncracies" rather than a scientific work.

The controversies will continue for many years yet. I look forward to the day when claims of "fringe science" such as Krupp come to grips with the large numbers of ancient records which appear to indicate possible changes in the earth's orbit, such as the Hindu Panchasiddhantika which gives synodic periods for the planets which indicate a 360 day year.

-- BRIAN MOORE (Founder member of Society for Interdisciplinary Studies, assistant editor of "S.I.S. Review", and Hartlepool district librarian).

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# BOOKS

## "THE AGE OF STONEHENGE" by COLIN BURGESS

Most serious prehistorians of either orthodox or speculative persuasions will welcome Colin Burgess's refreshing cutting across the old "Three Ages" division. Ley hunters have for decades cheerfully lumped together

anything sacred up to the Reformation for their purposes. Burgess does nothing of this sort, but to his surprise found Prof. Dennis Harding, general editor of the series, confessing his disquiet about the arbitrary sectioning into stone, bronze and iron ages. As any but the most stubborn would agree, these false compartmentalizations have been more confusing for many than helpful. The publishers -- obviously with an accountant's eye for sales -- decided that "the Age of Stonehenge" it would be and Happily Burgess was not forced to stick to the traditional Bronze Age. His posited second period spanning the later Neolithic and earlier Bronze Age fitted so.

Perhaps because of being an apparently stimulating tutor in the Department of Adult Education at the University of Newcastle-upon-Tyne he can put over his enthusiasm in a lucid way without becoming turgid. He has made many field study trips and digs, I understand, lately working in the Cheviots where I last heard of him working a major Stonehenge period settlement. Appreciating the difficulties of the subject, he even suggests the newcomer tackle chapters I and IV-VII before considering the more concentrated summary of prehistory in chapters II and III.

The book begins with his arguments for adopting a new chronological approach, working from the hypothesis that the most significant breaks will be marked by disruption of social fabric and advent of fresh cultural traditions. This follows from the new tree ring calibration revolutionary technique. He wryly notes "traditional concepts in archaeology die hard" and though the only review of this book I have seen was unreservedly enthusiastic, I fear a few of those "diehards" will have rejected it.

The book has much to praise in the area of encyclopaedic facts, necessary factors in assessing whether more speculative feats and behaviour were practicable, such as long-distance trading, physical changes in landscape, farming practice, level of life standard and social organization, burial customs and rituals. All this is covered in great detail and the diagrams and photographs appear in profusion.

He discusses type by type the varieties of prehistoric structure of particular interest to earth mysteries students and casts some doubt on Thom's conclusions, ((Cont.P.6))



# A Marxist looks at popular songs

CLEVELAND-BORN Dave Harker is a Marxist looking at popular songs and working class culture from that standpoint in "One For the Money."

Subtitled "Politics and Popular Song", the book covers a subject where we all have our own ideas; usually that the two don't mix. Harker, a lecturer at the School of Communication Studies, Manchester Polytechnic, communicates his philosophy in an angry whining tone, full of contempt, animosity, and frequent misguidance.

There are positive points however. His criticism of the revolutionaries who allow management and media manipulation to occur deserve his stinging appraisal. So too the folksong collectors who rewrote and edited; so too the radical folksingers who started clubs and became capitalists themselves; so too those who patronize the working class (usually being aspiring working class themselves); so too those who mourned martyrs rather than organizing against oppression.

## Shaky ground

His scholarship is impeccable, particularly on the North East's mining problems and Johnny Handle, of the High Level Ranters, is pilloried and given such a literary pistol-whipping that he may well have since quit his low down ways.



BOB DYLAN . . . "had allowed himself to be driven even further into the Dream, into the myths supportive of it, in order to try to cope with his experience."

Home truths can be very painful.

But Harker is on shaky ground when he uses Bob Dylan as an illustration of how a supposed radical fails his cause. Dylan never truly saw himself as a revolutionary, however. He never had organizational ability — and he knew it. The fact that as a middle class, mid-American Jew (Harker never mentions, let alone considers, this crucial factor), Bob Dylan ever was involved at all in racialism is a surprise.

Harker's Marxism appears to be heavily anti-religious, anyway. Santa Claus and Christmas get the heavy treatment and he gloats and cheers when "the victory of 'immoral force' in 1844 cured many pitworkers and urban Tynesiders of religion for good and all."

Bob Dylan, before his bizarre submergence into fundamentalist revivalist Christianity, had been through a period where to many he was a genuine mystic and to others a splendid example of a modern day shaman. Dylan's tragic (in relation to its effect on his talent) role-taking of "born again" Christian is, however, more convincing than Harker's blinkered and dogmatic brand of letter-than-thou "born again" Marxism.

From grammar school to Cambridge University goes Harker, who can then take on John Lennon and point out that his grammar school and art school education were hardly credentials for him to write "Working Class Hero".

## Sham 69

He would have been more honest and found far meatier material had he followed had he chronicled and then denounced the career of Jimmy Pursey and Sham 69. The band's anthem-like football terrace songs were a real expression of working class consciousness and extremely popular — until the system sucked them under.

In fact, Pursey at one time financially aided South Shields' Angelic Upstarts, whose self-written "I'm An Upstart", chanted by followers brought real enjoyment to fans and terror to those confronted the band's supporters on Wearside.

Harker, in effect, in choosing Dylan and Lennon shows what a misguided and repellent dilettante he is.

Where Harker actually manages to make a fool of himself is his analysis of the music business. The exploiters and the exploited are brought to justice. But were he to carry his concerns and beliefs to the logical conclusion, he would personally organize the destruction of this capitalist enterprise by force.

He misunderstands working class people so completely it is embarrassing. The young people — the record buyers — want basically one thing. That's "a good night out". It means getting down eight pints, going to a disco, making fun of people and maybe fighting, picking up a girl . . . And it does not mean dreary political stuff, but having a good laugh; it means listening to "Get In The Groove With A Funky Chick" and not some political anthem.

The final ironies in this study are that the book is published by a major capitalist publishing company and also that the general working class reader, whose support for change he seeks, would probably understand hardly an iota of his clever dick arguments and intellectual prose (Hutchinson, £9.95).



" . . . songs like 'Working Class Hero', 'Power To The People', or 'Give Peace A Chance' reminiscent of JOHN LENNON'S therapy, and function as public confessions of guilt, all the way to the bank."

## Roll over, ley down

ON A HEREFORD green close by the old Cathedral, an epoch-making cricket match will take place in July between the archaeological orthodoxy and a team of ley hunters.

This is a big deal — one more omen in the diamond anniversary year of ley hunting that the walls of Jericho are crumbling and the 'fringe lunatics' with their New Age theories on pre-histo y, are about to set up shop.

Leys were discovered 60 years ago by a monocled Hereford businessman called Alfred Watkins who found that prehistoric sites of Britain — burial mounds, stone circles — fell in straight lines. He called them leys and thought them to be old trading routes.

The Watkins thesis was laughed off campus by The Professionals, who said the ancient Briton was a disease-ridden thicko, too grotesquely stupid to survey lines across the county. It was all chance, or a trick of the light or some such bloody thing.

But 60 years on the ley argument is putting on weight. Aside from the intellectual horsepower provided by authors such as Colin Wilson and John Michel, there has been a significant increase in wet-wellie ground research, the sort not easily refuted (though easily ignored).

The sniping and backbiting continues. But at least in this diamond jubilee year it's out of the closet end, who knows, Steve Hillage and half a million damaged hippies might yet be vindicated.

Current issue of *The Ley Hunter* features a full debate with the orthodox views of, archaeologist R. C. Atkinson for the Good Guys and Michel answering back for The Heretics. Michel thinks he can score a finite victory in the July cricket match if only he can turn up some West Indian ley hunters in time. And bowl out the opposition straight and true.

— ANDREW TYLER

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS 4/4/81.

By PAUL SCRIFTON



but is basically unwilling to make any form of speculation about such as the Devil's Arrows or cup and ring marks.

Though his boundary breaking act is of significance, the remainder of his vision is generally less revolutionary. He reappraises life in Britain and Ireland between 3,000 and 1,000 B.C. and provides new thought on the organization and technological status of the population, and for those unfamiliar with developments during the past 20 or so years much may appear to contradict cherished views of woad-painted savages in loinclothes consuming grannie at a barbecue while howling at the moon.

Burgess has done our prehistoric forefathers a service, but many would feel he stops short. His doubts about the essence of Thom's thinking show him to be a cautious man, and it is fair to assume that he does not encourage his students to align ancient sites on maps in class. Nevertheless it is refreshing to see not a single snide sideswipe at the straight trackers and this alone should make many such amateur investigators as myself hold Burgess in esteem. One ill-considered aside can mean the difference between a sale and a purchase these days and at £12 this book has plenty of meat and factual data for those wishing to grasp the science and society of the age of Stonehenge. (Dent, £12).

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"A GUIDE TO THE MEGALITHS OF EUROPE" by ALASTAIR SERVICE & JEAN BRADBURY

(Granada Paladin, £2-95)

Earth mysteries students in Britain are largely ignorant of the wealth of megalithic structures outside their own country. They will have heard probably of the Thom's work in Brittany and may even have seen pictures of the structures in Ireland's Boyne Valley or on the island of Malta. This book shows how woefully isolationist such a view is.

This is a wide-ranging and well-illustrated guide to the varied large stone structures of Western Europe. Happily it is not a dull one. Those who would bemoan the haste with which prehistoric society is dealt with here can look elsewhere for the deeper background material and it is good that the alternative viewpoint is exposed to readers. There is plenty of archaeoastronomy and geometry, the dramatic sites chosen in the landscape of the monuments, feng-shui, dowsing, carvings, leys and sacred rituals.

The authors conclude that the megaliths have outer and inner levels of meaning. The former is that of ritual and common knowledge, being concerned with such matters as crops and personal fertility; a basic well-being. They also identify a more esoteric level dealing with "personal regeneration" with the monuments as "engines of transformation."

Their view of the place taken in society by the forms of structure is in line with Michael Dames's speculations about ritual drama of creation and the progress of the seasons. They see the work of prehistoric man enhancing the special places on the face of the Earth and their plan in the scheme of death and rebirth.

The seasoned student will not need to be reminded of these facets, but I'm sure few will be familiar with all but the occasional site described, documented, photographed and given in many outline maps here. This book really fills a gap in the literature of the megalithic society and will be of great either for the armchair researcher seeking correlations or the more adventurous seeker spurred to follow in the authors' footsteps. This could be used as an excellent holiday tourist guide to seek out the ancient sites on mainland Europe -- as well as in Britain. If our office Pools syndicate comes up trumps I'd like to see more of Belgium than the nightspots and beaches of Belgium or even venture to Denmark.

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"THE SUBTERRANEAN KINGDOM" by NIGEL PENNICK (Turnstone Press, £4-50)

Man has buried underground almost since he arrived on Earth and when not constructing some structure below the terrain he has been spreading stories about supposed hidden places. "A Survey of Man-made Structures Beneath the Earth" is the sub-title of Nigel Pennick's new book; a topic on which he is well qualified to write having long studied the parts of London other tourists have long failed to refresh us about.

7. He writes of the Scottish earth houses (I bashed my head in Culsh soutterain), crypts (I've come across a couple with strong earth power), catacombs, mines, railway tunnels, hermitages, deneholes and such haunts as those of the Hellfire Club, Erich von Daniken's ludicrous south American system, the Royston Cave in Hertfordshire with mysterious symbols, city of Nottingham's huge network and other particularly noteworthy examples.

There is a huge amount of fact and fantasy about tunnels and Pennick has provided a balanced appraisal, concentrating on the more fascinating cases and personalities involved, whether true or legendary.

I was particularly interested in the chapters on the legends of the underworld and the decoding of their complexity. Many are relocated apocrypha, but even so many have the feel of psychic plane shamanism (King Arthur sightings particularly), recollections of initiation and folk memories of olden times. Rumours generally at some point of contact concern a vestige of consensus reality; nature will mimic fiction. Our fear of eating human flesh, as was practised naturally in primitive times, echoes through the ages to that hotbed of scandalmongering Fleet Street where Sweeney Todd supplied a cannibalistic adjacent pie shop. Subterranea, old and new, attract such tales and a modern one is that alligators lurk not only in the sewers of New York (see Thomas Pynchon's V) but also London. Also various forms of subterranea are quoted as harbouring a mothballed strategic reserve of steam locomotives.

Pennick has not covered all this modern lore but does have two chapters of traditions, many of passages kept secret for religious, amatory or smuggling purposes, but many of which may be dim recollections of overground leys.

There are some specific points I must comment upon. With page 69 we find the Buxton troglodytes and Pennick states, "they have now been relegated to the annals of the industrial revolution." Not so. The Sunday Times in the Sixties printed a feature about there being 300 or so "hippie" trogs still there and the publicans refusing to serve them (shades of Glastonbury) and that the national media was alerted to this bizarre colony by a murder hunt and detectives were questioning all those in the cave complex.

On page 73 Pennick assumes William Blake's "dark satanic mills" were equally sweat shops of the Industrial Revolution. Wasn't the mystic referring to universities?

Pennick's drawings (including maps and plans) are individualistic and a useful adjunct, as too are the extensive bibliography and full glossary of terms used in subterranean investigation.

Here's a man whose interest in Knockers is truly divided -- geddit??

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"PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE UNKNOWN" by ROBERT RICKARD & RICHARD KELLY (New English Library, hb £7-95, pb £4-95)

Bob Rickard is well known as editor of that pot-pond of fantastical universe happenings Fortean Times, and co-author with John Michell of Phenomena. This work takes off from where the latter left off; less text, bigger pictures and many in colour.

This is just what is needed to present the case for the paranormal. A picture is worth a thousand words, it has been said, so here we have 300 illustrations, so multiply that by 1,000 and ask any rational person if he or she is not convinced our world is stranger than can be imagined.

Believers and sceptics can form their own opinions of a multitude of facets of paranormality: from such alien fauna as Nessie, abominable snowmen and sea monsters to ghost lights, weird weather and mysterious falls out of clear skies. From UFOs to BVMs, psychic surgeons to bleeding images, firewalkers to levitators. Here are paranormal persons; those using mind over matter, strange creatures and that metaphor for anxiety the UFO.

The writing is crisp and a perspective produced in Rickard's erudite introduction. Richard Kelly with the camera as the (generally surprised) witness, has designed a veritable treasurehouse of psychic photo-journalism.



# Bob Dylan: Man, Myth, and Magic

THIS profile is about a man's conversion to Christianity. This is the "born again" Bob Dylan.

Dylan's religious involvement is also too large an area to cover easily, though with a nod towards two new books specifically on the subject, a perspective can be sought. I wish to consider:

**THE MAN**... who shaped the direction of a generation, became the greatest intellectual rock star, the most electrifying stage performer, and single-handedly put poetry in the jukebox.

**THE MYTH**... that he became with all manner of apocryphal tales clustering around him and the adulation he received which reached messianic proportions.

**THE MAGIC**... which shaped his songs, be it the Jewish Kabbalism of his race or the inherent spirituality underlying the American Dream touched through instinctive shamanism and transmitted by generations of tradition.

## DRUIDIC CHANT

The origin of all sacred mysteries are alive to us today in the riddles and sophisticated word-play to those who truly KNOW. Such dialogues would be verbal duels in cultures where shamanism survives in its old form. In today's global village culture this is more likely to be one-sided and rare.

One shaman (priest, doctor, an intermediary with the gods) willing to express himself to those with the will to listen was Bob Dylan. He modified by use of folk and rock music a tradition of imparting knowledge which goes back to prehistory.

It has been suggested that the following from the ancient Irish "Colloquy of the Two Sages" was probably a Druidic naming or initiation chant:

"Anger of fire, fire of speech,  
breath of knowledge, wisdom of wealth,  
sword of song, song of blood-edge."

Herein lies the essence of an ageless wisdom whose only difference to the time of the weird and wonderful Celtic mysteries is that the poet is electrifying AND electrified.

## PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

That Dylan's words struck a universal chord during the Sixties and Seventies is because as a shaman he was the living embodiment of the collective psyche and his ability to translate into contemporary imagery timeless truth was witness that he was linked with the ancestral spirit world. Also his physical travels are an embodiment of the ritualistic, pastoralist, traveling times of the past, when storytelling was of equal importance.

If you're still with me, in a Playboy interview with Ron Rosenbaum, Dylan refers obliquely to "projected" visionary experiences during his childhood:

"Well, in the winter everything was still, nothing moved. Eight months of that. You can put it together. You can have some amazing hallucinogenic experiences doing nothing but looking out your window. There is also the summer, when it gets hot and sticky and the air is very metallic. There is a lot of Indian spirit. The earth there is unusual, filled with ore. So there is something happening that is hard to define. There is a magnetic attraction there. Maybe thousands and thousands of years ago, some planet bumped into the land there. There is a great spiritual quality throughout the Midwest. Very subtle, very strong, and that is where I grew up."

Then, knocking on 40, by a simple twist of fate he had an overwhelming adult mystical experience.

He saw a vision of a man in a room before him. He concluded he had seen Jesus Christ. This brand of happening is just one of a host of varieties of suburban shamanism ranging from spiritualist mediumship to metal bending; from seeing fairies to seeing Phantom animals; in fact, abduction aboard U.F.O.s is practically identical psychologically to the born again Christian experience. Both are triggered by anxiety and other tensions of the self.

Just like the wrathful fire and brimstone patriarchal God of the Old Testament, the archetypal ufonauts warn of terrible disasters of war, pollution and other ecological Armageddon mayhem.

## COMMERCIAL PARODIED

Dylan portrays this God on the L.P. "Slow Train Coming". On "Saved" it is the gentler suffer-unto-me kindly God whom he thanks for his salvation.

But what of the music? Previously in this column I suggested Dylan's gloomy "Slow Train Coming" could be a joke — an act to shed himself of those fans who did not fully understand him. Since writing that, I have come across an item which could be actual evidence for this. A Robert Shelton review of the turgid album noted that the opening song, "Gotta Serve Somebody", "amid its seriousness is a parody of an American TV beer commercial."

"Saved" has none of Dylan's rich imagery, wit, or passion, and is stunningly dull. Its spiritual and gospel music does little to leaven the dispiriting quality. There was even a rumour that due to lukewarm public response, Dylan bought up large numbers of copies himself, though I doubt that is the gospel truth.

Dylan has regularly written of God and the L.P. "John Wesley Harding" he described as "the first Biblical rock album". But a Ledbury noted there has been a shift in the poet's view of God from "irony and disbelief to flat out credulity."

This from a man whose structural symbolism reflected in his songs the underlying strains of commonality, originating from the human psyche and finding such expression We

must either choose coincidence or the notion that as a shaman, Dylan had a conscious or unconscious channel to the collective unconscious of mankind (his Christianity severing this link). It was he who wrote the phrase "road maps for the soul" as early as 1965.

The path Dylan was heading along, in retrospect begins with the "Street-Legal" album as the junction point. "Changing of the Guards" had not until recently struck me as a particularly religious or Christian song, but it does now. I still equally see it as a comprehension by Dylan that psychological archetypes ("gods") then dominant were shifting and a new set was on the horizon.

With "No Time To Think" he also sees his role changing: "But the magician is quicker and his game much thicker than blood, and blacker than ink; and there's no time to think." He realizes his shamanism is waning. And "you glance at the mirror and there's eyes staring clear at the back of your head as you drink". This is the lesson of personal paranoia experienced by all who abuse the sacraments of alcohol and drugs. He may sound self-confident but, boy, is he in for a shock.

So what created the crisis apparition which turned him on to Christianity?

Williams reckons, "guilt, unendurable restlessness, alcohol, self-hatred."

Ledbury seeks the answer in the light of available data, starting from the birth chart (set for 9.5 p.m., C.S.T., May 24, 1941, Duluth, Minnesota).

"What the chart tells me is the significance of the event," not the precise situation which is predestined to occur.

## MYTHOLOGIES

"Astrology can describe a category of experience to be encountered, and it is this ability which gives it is worth as a tool of investigating the future," writes Ledbury. He says we all participate in mythologies and "the astrologer starts from the truism that the individual will attract into his life those experiences, and only those experiences, which are relevant to him and which are delineated in the birth chart."

As for mythologies, the Crucifixion of Christ is one of the world's greatest, and that it should enshroud the man who seemed a saviour for the underprivileged and messiah for the confused has all the ambiguity which has permeated Dylan's work. His life has been full of contradictions between image and reality, myth and identity. Now the seer's imagination is spent and his creativity at a low ebb. He places his faith in the Divine and awaits the Millennium.

And you may find yourself wondering what is Dylan doing retreating "into the comfort and drama of American Fundamentalism" when he was the one who called for radical social

change and individual liberty. And you may ask yourself doesn't the guy realize the errors of this fanatical cult include its exclusivity from other Christian sects; authoritarian God; imminent Second Coming nonsense; and fellowship which smells of social control.

Dylan's strong sense of the past, history, and tradition made him ripe for the security offered by Fundamentalism, where he could be an enthusiastic follower. Despite evidence to the contrary, I would argue that Dylan never wanted to be a leader. He certainly seemed humbler after his 1966 accident.

"His Neptunian guardian angel did him a favour and chucked him off his (marital) motorbike," writes Ledbury. "Though in typically Neptunian style there are conflicting accounts of the crash."

## MARITAL SAGA

Williams and Ledbury are in total agreement that women are a crucial factor in the conversion scenario. Williams' book deals in depth with the marital saga of the Dylan and Bob's inability to keep the partnership intact, arguing convincingly from his lyrics.

Ledbury concludes from the progressed birth chart "what all the textbooks tell us, that someone, most probably a woman, comes into Dylan's life, awakening his Pluto function... which symbolises 'death and rebirth' or getting 'born again'."

So when do the stars foretell the end of this bizarre phase?

"Compared with Dylan's previous enthusiasms, civil rights, Zen, chemicals of consciousness, various religious traditions... Fundamentalism seems a trifle superficial. It seems likely to survive long in the Platonic heavens, and from the reading which has emerged thus far of his chart, we might be tempted to conclude that Dylan has far too religious a temperament to believe in Fundamentalism. Possibly he could come to such a conclusion during 1982 when both Jupiter and Saturn in Gemini will end a sojourn in his ninth house."

"1982 should see either the end, or the beginning of the end of Dylan's flirtation with this cult... The astrologer can define the situation, he cannot delineate the necessary outcome."

Only Dylan can. Actually Rosenbaum picked on a Neil Hickey interview with Dylan and asked if he believed in astrology.

"I don't think so," replied Dylan despite having raved about psychic interpreter (fortune teller) Tamara Rand. "Well maybe there are certain characteristics of people who are born under certain signs. But I don't know, I'm not sure how relevant it is."

Maybe he is, maybe he's not aware this period is probably ending.

"My being a Gemini explains a lot I think," he told Hickey. "It forces me to extremes. I'm never really balanced in the middle. I go from one side to the other without staying in either place very long."

Hallelujah!



The section on UFOs is particularly interesting and includes discussion of lens flares and computer analysis. The book consequently cannot be charged with an unscientific approach. Avenues of rational approach are taken but as often as not they lead to a dead end or inevitable paranormal explanation.

Extremely mystifying -- and not for the squeamish -- are pictures of psychic surgery, pain immunity and spontaneous human combustion.

The compilers hope to create a second volume from their collection and there is little doubt this book will be such a success as to make this inevitable. A splendid effort.

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"UFO ABDUCTIONS" edited by D. SCOTT ROGO (New American Library, £1-50)

Abductions and retrievals seem to be the main topics in ufology at the moment. The former challenges the "nuts and bolts" faction seriously while the other is apocrypha standing as the greatest hope to stem what Freud might have called "the black tide of occult ufology" if he had lived long enough.

Edited with commentaries by Rogo, this is a first-class selection of well documented, deeply researched accounts of supposed abductions by seeming extraterrestrials. Well-known and respected investigators -- usually with the use of hypnotic regression -- look into the dramatic cases of Travis Walton, Antonio Villas Boas, Herbert Schirmer and others. The similarities are striking between cases and a real puzzle is brought into perspective by the editor's sober commentary.

Under sections of waking, time-lapse and psychic encounters, an underlying bedrock of shared aspects is presented and these three parts of the UFO consciousness or our own inner life are at pains to have persons confront certain aspects of themselves, their past and their futures.

Rogo introduces the problem and then lets the investigators and their subjects tell their tales under regression and interview. The editor concludes that the physical examinations may be "stage **shows**", allowing the abductee to adjust and realize no harm is contemplated. Then comes the visions and messages. If these seem as absurd as Masonic gobbledegook it is because they are metaphors.

But events can take place physically for the abductees, argues Rogo, for they can be three-dimensional dramas materialized similarly to a "dream" extracted from the unconscious and beamed back by a super intelligence. The author feels this explains many puzzling aspects of the scenario and functions as a general theory. It answers such thorny questions as abduction absurdities being in the language of the subconscious; why blocking occurs as with forgetting normal dreams; why it can be physical or mental implantation; how psychic converse can become permanent; and how psychics may be already attuned to this storehouse. He believes a psychological examination will invariably successfully parallel the abductee's mental state.

I heartily endorse Rogo's call for psychologists and parapsychologists to join ufologists in studying abduction reports. I do not, however, see the aspect as important as he, as perhaps "vital for our psychological and social survival". Instead we should be wondering what is lacking in life in general to cause a major archetype's repression finding an outlet by appearing in such a weird way. In a healthy society we should find UFO experiences being consciously sought by inner mind voyagers rather than having them created so traumatically for those whom they only confuse and scare. A type of Morning Glory seed is even called Flying Saucers after the vision it creates. This controlled situation would be preferable.

However, drug-induced experience is the domain of shamanism and it may well be that the personal make-up of abductees is the typification of those who in an ethnographic (primitive if you prefer) society where this would have been detected and channelled. Initiation is not generally an easy or comfortable experience. Normally it is one of darkness, terror, sentinels (other shamans or nowadays space brothers), and personal re-evaluation. Maybe the most disturbing factor is Rogo's opinion that "the UFO abduction syndrome is real and surprisingly common."

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"DOWSING AND ARCHAEOLOGY" edited by TOM GRAVES (Thorsons, £2-75)

Dowsers make relatively lively writers despite their arcane and seemingly complex subject matter. They enjoy the anecdotal approach, don't mind attacking orthodoxes or pillorying one another, enjoy breaking new ground and don't mind revising their methodologies and take a delight in the frequent ability to indulge in an "I told you so" response to detractors.

They, unlike career archaeologists, have generally been laymen and laywomen unworried by academic disapproval. Tom Graves is a young man who has probably done more to popularize this pursuit than anyone else. Earth mysteries buffs will certainly be aware of his work and books, also Guy Underwood, who is extensively present in this volume.

The articles assembled by Graves come from 50 years of issues of the Journal of the British Society of Dowsers, an august body whose presence to the general public no doubt sees them as simply as credulous elderly water diviners. However, this book and Graves' selection is at pains to present a wider picture (though limited by its being one of a series dealing with the many dowsing subjects). He does, nevertheless, stress that the later researches encompassing archaeology and dowsing are largely in the field of finding water below prehistoric sites and related currents whose nature is now being explored by earth mysteries students.

Personal experience-- particularly at Arbor Low -- has convinced me of the efficacy of this special tool to tap into the past (and, of course, present). The earlier part of the book shows how general archaeology has benefited from the aid of the dowser, while the second looks at more practical aspects and the wider implications of exact siting of ancient monuments and the grand pattern so obviously inherent. This will necessarily be of great interest to ley hunters and in the light of John Billingsley's recent disturbing idea that leys formed a patriarchal cum military boundary system, one wonders why four at least out of 13 contributors here have Army ranks!

Conspiracy innuendo apart, Graves has done a great service. Readers of Underwood's Pattern of the Past may find much familiar material (though noting his later change of attitude) and other material on ancient sites is equally valuable.

However, and here comes the obligatory minor grumble, could someone send Graves a modern map. In his introduction he writes of James Plummer's work on Roman roads in the Seventies in "his own part of north-east England". I know there have been some drastic boundary changes, but the last time I was on holiday in the Fylde and played truant trainspotting at Preston it was still in the North-West.

Altogether a most readable book and one for the practical dowser and those seeking guidance. Too rarely is such archive material made available.

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"AN ARCHITECTURAL HANDBOOK OF GLASTONBURY ABBEY" by FREDERICK BLIGH BOND  
 (R.I.L.K.O., 36 College Court, Hammersmith, W6; distributed by Thorsons)

With the subject of psychic archaeology being rekindled by the likes of Jeffrey Goodman, the reissue of this 70-year-old book is both timely and apposite. The book is a pleasure to read and the mixture of archaeological wisdom and architectural scholarship make it a detailed source of facts and figures on this ruined gem of ecclesiastical wonder. With many photographs, plenty of diagrams and coloured ground plan, it has a text which puts the structure in the context of the periods when built and its design and measurements are given in great detail.

Bligh Bond spent a lifetime examining and renovating this lovely ruin, though his claim to have been guided from the spirit world to locate various parts and to learn of its past brought derision from some quarters. What is beyond dispute, however, is the quality of the exacting study into the building's architectural heritage.

Bligh Bond's vision has inspired the likes of the contemporary architect Keith Crichton, who with Janette Jackson provides a new introduction to this third edition. They acknowledge Bligh Bond's genius and relate his sterling work on measurement to the ancient science of gematria.



This £3-95 facsimilie edition is therefore more than the run-of-the-mill guidebooks produced for every old ruin open to the public. It is an epitaph to a man whose work is a monument to the reverence and love so many who are drawn to Glastonbury feel about this broken jewel of pre-reformation splendour.

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"TRUE EXPERIENCES IN PROPHECY" edited by MARTIN EBON (Signet, 95p)

This slim paperback details in a matter of fact way direct examples of prophetic experiences. Many are narrated by those who have actually experienced these prophecies themselves. Others are reports by specialist researchers who collect precognitive cases.

Many people regard such stories as false or coincidences at best. Personally the only time I have had a prophetic dream (the commonest form of transmission) was about the conversion of a certain type of locomotive and the day after the dream a magazine reported the occurrence -- which was unexpected, though hardly spectacular in comparison with the cases given here. Those present in the book having been chosen for variety of experience and viewpoint. They make fascinating reading, though many cover subjects of a necessarily harrowing nature, for it is in unhappy realms prophecy appears most susceptible; under circumstances of tension and anxiety, war for instance or hopes and fears of stock market dealing. Death messages are particularly prone.

I forecast plenty of interest in the book.

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"THE PATHS OF MAGIC" by MARIAN GREEN (M. Green, BCM -- SCL Quest, London WC1V 6XX, £1)

Many of us feel that day-dreaming -- enjoyable though it is -- could be harnessed for real illumination. This basic need can be translated purposefully as path-following in a truly magical sense. Dreams can be scary, drugs can be dangerous if not treated with respect. Path-working as described in this book leads the neophyte into levels of consciousness with which he or she should easily cope. Apprentice magicians seeking Bob Dylan's "roads maps for the soul" will find this book a safe route towards cosmic forces.

The advice on mind-conditioning is sensible. There is no mind-bending or risk of control by demons, but a slow, steady system to enable the practitioner to control a process which leads to self-fulfilment.

The practitioner is urged to record all experiences in a "magical diary". By this means progress can be charted as previous workings are referred back to and the novice sorcerer can see how consciousness is changing and becoming more flexible. By following the paths of the four elements a more balanced personality is achieved. If taken seriously the novice should begin to follow the paths when the sun is in an earth sign and progress correctly onwards though as the elements are not consecutive in the zodiac this can mean quite a wait -- which it is argued is not bad. It is also important to stress that there is no necessity to change religious beliefs to make use of the various paths, but all who participate properly can experience and communicate with the "gods" as he/she knows them. Sacred, immortal, yet they can be our friends and helpers as we seek personal illumination and gain new skills.

Leave your day-dreams behind and practise the real thing is the call. Pump those psychic muscles with this course is the message.

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"INCREDIBLE" by KEVIN MCFARLAND (Signet/New English Library, £1-10)

We all have moments when there is the odd quarter hour to fill and this book fits that bill. So dip in to this modest book of fascinating oddities about man and his feats and those of the other kingdoms he shares. Not in the same league as the Guinness Book of Records, it does however give statistics of certain remarkable feats of endurance and largest and smallest cases in the worlds of plant, animal, fish and insects. However erudite, there will be something here to instruct, entertain and amaze the reader. I had expected a Fortean work, but this one is well entrenched in the world of accepted reality



12. and claims every single observation and historical event is absolutely verified. It covers much ground and has a wealth of expressive line drawings. Apart from a couple of minor criticisms (there is no "Straffordshire, England" and Bath is neither seaside resort or 50 miles from London), it whiles away a few harmless hours.

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REQUEST: Reader P.J. Rasch, 1839 Chandeleur Drive, San Pedro, CA, 90732, U.S.A. seeks to hear from anyone who can supply copies of T.C. Lethbridge's books Merlin's Island and This Sceptered Isle.

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MAGAZINES: Apologies for no reviews of magazines this issue. I hope to compile the next A.S.W.R. very close behind this one with a full update. So subscribe quickly and don't be disappointed. Many people have had to wait for this issue because No. 12 went out of print unusually fast.

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